

Untitled LTV Zombie Film

By

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EXT. TOWNHOUSES

As morning breaks over campus there are no signs of life - not uncommon on a college campus. Yet this stillness is more ominous, somehow.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

The football stadium is empty, and a pair of shoes dangles from the goalposts.

INT. STUDENT CENTER

Looking down into the lower level of the student center, signs of a struggle are evident. Chairs are overturned, and several banners lie on the floor in tattered shreds.

EXT. COURTYARD BETWEEN BUSINESS BUILDING AND BLISS

Bits of debris are scattered around an overturned trashcan, while the bench next to it sits unoccupied. A foot lurches into view, bare, with a large bite wound just above the ankle. The foot is followed by a zombie, moving stiffly, but swiftly towards the glass walkway separating the two wings of Bliss Hall. Numerous zombies surround both sides of the glass, hammering on it steadily, creating a dull rhythm that echoes across the dead campus.

INT. BLISS HALL WALKWAY

JACK LEEDS stands at end of the hallway. His pistol is holstered, and his shotgun is shouldered. Calm and cool, despite the zombie threat, he raises a Motorola two-way, and as he does so, a broken hand-cuff chain jingles.

JACK

Ex -

The sound of glass splintering fills the hallway.

JACK

Time to go.

INT. COMFORTABLE LOUNGE

About a dozen survivors are scattered around the lounge, clustered in small groups. Sleeping beds and blankets are scattered around the room, and none of them are far from their weapons: baseball bats, hockey sticks, crowbars and pipes. One survivor even has a battered, blood-stained cricket paddle.

Several survivors stand out among the pack. For one, they are all in possession of firearms and a certain resigned grimness - an aura cultivated, it seems, by killing reanimated friends and loved ones. They carry an air of obvious leadership - they are separate from the others, and while other survivors play cards, or read tattered magazines and papers, they remain aloof and alert, ready for the trouble that they hope will not come.

PARKER PATTERSON is a classic blonde temptress, but her carefully cultivated appearance has given way in the face of days of constant danger: once elaborately styled hair rests in a simple ponytail, and a designer jacket is bloodstained and torn. She sits on the stairs, eyes lightly closed, leaning slightly against RANDY WATERS, who is busy cleaning the shotgun in his hands.

ALEX NEWMAN is a tiny girl, and her thick-rimmed glasses frame an exhausted face. While a pistol rests on the table next to her, her preferred weapon is obvious: in a far corner of the room, she swings a stainless steel samurai sword in slow, graceful movements, punctuated by brief staccato swipes that cause the blade to hum in its passage through the thick, claustrophobic air.

Amidst the other survivors, TOM, an older student, who carries himself with the instantly recognizable trumped-up sort of authority exemplified by anal-retentive Resident Advisors and mall security guards everywhere, exchanges a hushed conversation with several other survivors in a far corner, away from the others' prying ears.

TOM

(looking over his shoulders)

All I'm saying is 'what are we doing?' We've been holed up here for days now, and he hasn't made any effort at getting us rescued.

SURVIVOR 1

I don't know. He's gotten us this far.

(CONTINUED)

SURVIVOR 2

I think Tom's got a point. We should be trying to find a way out of here to safety.

SURVIVOR 3

And how are we going to do that without the guns? He and his lackeys have shown no sign of being willing to share.

SURVIVOR 1

It's not as though we've even seen any choppers or anything else resembling government response anyway.

TOM

Should we just sit here and watch Jack and his buddies play soldier while we starve to death?

SURVIVOR 1

We're in a college dorm. There's enough ramen here to feed an army for weeks.

TOM

I say we do something about it. There's more of us than there are of them. We'll vote on it.

SURVIVOR 3

You think they'd go along with that?

Across the room, Parker stares at the group of conspirators and scowls.

PARKER

(to Randy)

I don't like the look of them. The last thing we need right now is to be fighting with each other.

Randy waves her off.

RANDY

You worry too much.

PARKER

I feel as though the events of the past few days have proven that worrying is justified.

(CONTINUED)

RANDY

Jack's always been good at reading people, ever since we were kids. He'll be keeping an eye on Tom.

PARKER

Tom's the sort of person that's used to being in charge. He resents Jack for taking charge of *his* building.

EXLEY

I still say we should've let him rot.

LANGDON EXLEY is thin and scruffy and can only be described as "cool," in the way that indie rockers and bad-boy movie stars are. He steps around them and takes a seat several steps below Parker and Randy.

PARKER

(scoffs)

You're still pissed at him over busting you for drinking last semester.

EXLEY

Aren't you?

Any reply on Parker's part is cut off as the Motorola on Exley's shoulder crackles, and he retrieves it.

EXLEY

Yeah?

Upon hearing Jack's words, he stands, and looks out at the other survivors over the railing, returning the Motorola to its shoulder band and hefting the shotgun and working the slide.

EXLEY

Alright everyone, saddle up. We're moving out.

Tom stands looks to Exley.

TOM

(disdainfully)

Says who?

EXLEY

Says Jack.

(CONTINUED)

TOM

Then by all means let's jump to it.
Why is he giving the orders? What
gives him the right?

A few of the other survivors, rising to their feet, nod
their affirmation.

RANDY

(jerking his thumb towards the
door)

He pulled your ass out of a supply
closet. Did you count how many of
their corpses were sitting around
the door when you left? Did you
hear them scratching while you
contemplated how long it would take
you to die of dehydration?

TOM

(unfazed)

I say we put it to a vote.

EXLEY

We don't have time to argue with
you. We're leaving.

As he says it, ALEX, RANDY, and PARKER join him at the top
of the stairs.

EXLEY

If you want to stay, or go your own
way, I won't stop you.

TOM

(scoffs)

Without the guns you're hoarding?
That's suicide.

Down the hall, a door opens with a slam, and there's a
tremendous roar as Jack's shotgun sounds, followed by the
tinnier pop of pistol rounds. The dull, eerie moan echoes
down the hall, and suddenly the doubting survivors, Tom
included, jump to it, retrieving their improvised weapons
and joining Jack's lieutenants at the top of the stairs.

They all point their guns down the hall with an almost
professional aplomb. Jack backpedals towards, them,
reloading his pistol and holstering it, then stuffing shells
into his shotgun.

(CONTINUED)

EXLEY
What's it look like?

JACK
(without looking up)
There were at least twenty or
thirty outside. They finally broke
through the glass.

TOM
Where do we go now?

JACK
Follow me.

He leads the group down the hallway in the opposite
direction, stopping at a stairwell.

JACK
We go down. Randy and Alex, you're
on point. Ex and Parker, you're
covering the rear. The rest of you,
stay in the middle and don't get
lost.

TOM
We're going into the basement?
That's a terrible idea! We'll be
trapped down there.

JACK
During the Cold War, the school
constructed a network of
underground tunnels connecting all
of the buildings on campus.

SURVIVOR 1
Like Disney World?

JACK
(nodding)
Like Disney World.

TOM
And just we are we going to take
the tunnels to?

Jack turns to Tom and regards him with a somewhat curious
and disdainful look, as if to say, "Really?"

JACK
Administration. It's an old
building, with thick brick walls.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JACK (cont'd)
We should be able to hide out there
for a while.

PARKER
We've got company!

Zombies start advancing quickly towards the group, and it spurs the group into action. Jack, Parker, and Exley start firing, while the rest of the group heads downstairs. Jack is the last one through the stairwell door, and he pulls it shut behind him.

INT. STAIRWELL

The stairwell is harshly lit, and the fluorescent light flickers from lack of power. As Jack pulls the door closed, he slams the lock into place with his elbow, then thunders down the stairs. Through the window in the door, zombies appear and begin to pound on it, and the glass splinters as Jack disappears from view.

INT. DARK ROOM

The basement is overwhelmingly dark. A red emergency light flickering some distance away and an orange exit sign cast the only light in the tunnel.

JACK
Everybody all here?

He is answered by a chorus of "yeahs" and "yeses." There's shuffling sound nearby.

SURVIVOR 2
The fuck was that!

There is a moan, and immediately a gunshot sounds. The resulting flash briefly sheds the overwhelming darkness, revealing a half dozen shuffling bipeds before they are enveloped once again by blackness. Another shot sounds, and this time, one of the figures falls. There are two dull taps, and a flashlight beam lights up, illuminating a skeletal figure, moaning and shuffling toward the source of the beam. Another gunshot sounds, and the creature's moans cease as its head is shredded by the bullet. Two more weapons, one of them almost certainly a shotgun, sound, destroying more of the zombies.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
(Authoritatively)
Drop a flare.

Guns continue to sound, and a flare ignites, shedding an eerie flickering glow over the cellar. A dozen or more ghouls are advancing on the group.

SURVIVOR 2
Run!

JACK
Wait!

Jack's warnings are to no avail. The bulk of the group runs the opposite way, while Jack and his lieutenants hold off the pack of zombies before running themselves.

The survivors race down the tunnel until they reach an intersection. Ahead, several zombies lurch forward.

RANDY
Shit, I'm out.

ALEX
I've got them.

Alex leaps into action, severing a grasping arm and then catching the creature's head on the backswing. She dodges another zombie's grasp while decapitating a third while Randy, having reloaded, fires a round into the other zombie.

The unarmed survivors flee into the opposing tunnel, ignoring Jack's repeated caveats.

JACK
Wait! That's not the right -

He is drowned out by screams and moans. As he turns to confront the threat, the flashlight attached to the barrel of his gun reveals an even larger horde advancing towards them while the last of the survivors is set upon by a trio of zombies.

JACK
(gesturing at the first
tunnel)
Clear us a path.

He fires upon the horde that consumed the rest of the group, catching one close zombie square in the face and sending him careening backwards. Eventually, they break into a full run, and the lights play across the corridor erratically as

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gunshots, moans, and thudding footfalls create a cacophonous wall of sound. As they run, Jack occasionally shouts a direction: "Left" and "Left" then "Right."

Eventually, they round a final corner and find themselves at a dead-end. Of the dozen that left the lounge, only Randy, Parker, Exley, Alex, Jack, and the skeptic, Tom, are left. As Tom and Parker examine the door, the others catch their breath and reload their weapons.

JACK and EXLEY take up position by the corner. They peek around it, shedding their flashlights' beams down the long tunnel. Numerous zombies, easily fifty or a hundred, are speeding towards them in their awkward, but swift, gait.

PARKER
(frantically, as Tom rattles
the door)
It's stuck!

She moves to grab the crowbar sticking out of her backpack.

EXLEY
(with a glance in her
direction)
PARKER! Are you out of your damn
mind? You have a 12-gauge crowbar
hanging around your neck!

PARKER
(as if suddenly remembering)
Oh yeah.

She moves to unlimber the shotgun and as pumps a round into the lock, Exley turns to Jack.

EXLEY
(incredulously, with a savage
grin)
Fucking blondes, eh?

Jack rolls his eyes. He spins his backpack off of his shoulder and withdraws a bottle of clear liquid with a strip of cloth sticking out of the end. The label on the side reads, "151 PROOF RUM!" and the skull and crossbones beneath it immediately advertises its harmful potential. Jack withdraws a scratched and battered zippo and prepares to light it.

TOM
You aren't 21!

(CONTINUED)

Jack flashes him the same incredulous look, but before he can speak, Exley grabs the bottle and pulls out the damp rag.

EXLEY

I am! Ass.

He takes a long pull from the bottle and replaces the cloth before handing it to Jack, who lights it and toss it around the corner. The bottle breaks, and there is a tremendous flash and wave of heat, followed by anguished, confused moans.

PARKER

It's still stuck.

EXLEY

What?

He fires another round at the zombies, which are beginning to round the corner despite the Molotov, and goes to inspect the lock.

EXLEY

(surprised)

Huh. It's actually stuck.

He examines it further.

EXLEY

(pointing)

The hinges. Shoot the hinges.

The two of them fire several rounds into the hinges while Jack and Randy struggle to keep the zombie horde at bay. Exley shoves the door aside, Parker is the first up, swearing as she trips on a step. The others follow while Exley begins firing a pistol past Jack's head from doorway

EXLEY

Come on Jackie boy!

Jack finally stops his fighting retreat and heads up the stairs. The two of them swing the broken door shut and head through a second set of doors.

INT. OUTER OFFICE

The admissions office is fairly small, despite the large student body. The staff obviously left in a hurry: stacks of paper are strewn about, and a few chairs are overturned. A phone sits hanging off the hook, but no dial tone sounds.

(CONTINUED)

The door flies open, and with their best approximation of a SWAT team, Alex and Parker enter, guns raised and ready. They clear the outer office quickly, checking under desks and behind filing cabinets for zombies, before advancing carefully to the interior office, wary of any threat. After a few moments' search, they return to the outer office, where Jack and Exley are pushing a large filing cabinet in front of the locked door.

PARKER
It's empty.

PARKER
(nodding in agreement)
Whoever worked here left in a hurry.

JACK
Good. We'll stay here for tonight.
This barricade should hold them.

He looks from person to person, lingering slightly on Alex, whom he offers the slightest of smiles.

JACK
We keep watch in three hour shifts.
And-

Jack trails off, staring at Randy, who has slumped into one of the large office chairs. Jack's face pales when he sees the blood on his hand, welling from a bite near his collarbone. He rushes to his friend's side, his calm facade dropped for the first time.

JACK
(suddenly hoarse)
No.

Parker is there immediately as well - they've obviously developed some kind of bond over the past several days. Given time...it might've resulted in romance; Now, Parker's features are simply gaunt, filled with a quiet sadness and resignation.

As are Randy's.

JACK
Maybe we can stop it. We could amputate.

Randy shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

RANDY
(with a grim smile)
That won't work. We all know what's
going to happen.

JACK
I should never have brought you
down here this weekend.

Randy cocks his head disapprovingly.

RANDY
If I hadn't sprung you from that
holding cell, you'd be dead right
now. And if I hadn't watched enough
MacGuyver to break the locks on the
gun locker at the station, you'd be
dead right now. So would Parker,
and Alex, and Exley.

He gestures over to Tom, who has shied away, staring off
into space, horror plastered over his features. Randy
laughs, coughing up a bit of blood.

RANDY
(scornfully)
That asshole'd sure as hell be
dead.

He gives Parker's hand a squeeze with his clean hand.

RANDY
(to everyone, gesturing at
Jack)
Give us a minute?

One by one, the others offer him sad nods and leave in
silence for the inner office. Parker shuts the door behind
her with a final sad stare.

RANDY
I've got one last favor to ask you.

He draws his pistol and thrusts it at Jack.

JACK
No.

RANDY
I don't want to become one of them.
Not even for a minute.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
I can't.

RANDY
You owe me favor. Forget springing
you from jail: you remember the
time I stopped you from
accidentally making out with Missy
Watkins at Lee's party?

JACK
(biting his lip, torn between
tears and laughter)
'A fate worse than death,' I said.
You saved me from a fate worse than
death.

RANDY
(nods)
Now it's your turn.

Jack stands still, obstinate, and Randy thrusts the pistol
at him again.

RANDY
You're going to have to do it
anyway, once I...

Jack takes the pistol reluctantly as he trails off, and then
points it at his best friend's temple.

JACK
Goodbye Randy.

RANDY
See you 'round, old buddy.

Jack fires, and Randy's eyes jerk open and he convulses
once, then lies still. Through tears, Jack pushes his eyes
shut, then rummages through Randy's pocket and withdraws a
set of keys.

JACK
(softly)
Rest in peace.

He pauses.

JACK
You'll be the only one.

INT. INNER OFFICE

The others are scattered around the inner office, stunned by the sudden and horrific losses they've taken. They have all been stretched nearly to the breaking point over the past week, and it shows. Alex is comforting a grieving Parker while Exley strips and cleans his guns with an obsessive sort of fury.

They all look up when the single gunshot sounds outside, and then Parker burrows her face into Alex's shoulder.

Jack opens the door a moment later, face blank, having recovered his cool.

JACK
(monotone)
I'll take the first watch.

He exits, and Tom looks from person to person.

TOM
(derisively)
What kind of person does that to-

Parker lets out a quiet sob, and Exley, noticing, grits his teeth.

EXLEY
(growling)
Shut up.

TOM
You don't think we should talk about the fact that your fearless leader just SHOT his friend in cold blood? AFTER he got half our party killed in the tunnels.

EXLEY
Shut up.

Oblivious, Tom continues, talking over Exley.

TOM
I mean, haven't you wondered where those cuffs came from?

Exley snaps a magazine into his pistol as he spins around in his chair, shoving it directly into Tom's face.

(CONTINUED)

EXLEY
Shut the fuck up!

ALEX
Exley!

To his credit, Tom stands his ground, though he is noticeably frightened by Exley's sudden homicidal rage.

TOM
You aren't the least bit curious
what he was locked up for?

A long, awkward silence fills the room. Tom looks from Exley to Alex to Parker, who all exchange looks in turn. Finally, Parker shakes her head.

PARKER
No, what he did before is in the
past.

ALEX
(nodding)
Whatever it was, he's more than
atoned for it by keeping us alive
as long as he has.

TOM
What about right now? Capping his
own best friend?

EXLEY
It's what I'd want, if it were me.

ALEX
Me too.

Parker nods as well. Tom remains unconvinced, but with Exley's gun still in his face, he relents, retreating to a corner of the room, where he sits against the wall closing his eyes in frustration.

INT. OUTER OFFICE

Exley opens the door and exits the inner office to find Jack sitting on the floor, staring at the barricaded door in the relative darkness. If not for the steady rise and fall of his chest, he could easily be mistaken for dead. Several feet away, Randy's feet can be seen sticking out from behind a desk. His pack and his guns are resting next to Jack.

(CONTINUED)

EXLEY

Hey, I -

Jack raises a finger to his lips.

JACK

(whispering)

Shh. They don't know we're in here.
Listen:

In the silence, they can hear familiar moans and shuffling outside of the office.

JACK

Hear that? They're frustrated. They know they were following prey, and they know it's somewhere up here, but they don't have the mental capacity to search the rooms or open the doors.

EXLEY

(also whispering)

Sounds like they might be more intelligent than we thought.

JACK

(frowning)

I don't think intelligent is the word. That implies something learned, or the ability to learn. This seems more instinctual than that.

Jack stands, a little stiffly.

JACK

Wake me up in a few hours.

EXLEY

You've already done your shift.
I'll get one of the others to do it.

JACK

(shaking his head)

Let them sleep. I think Parker and Randy were getting close. I don't want her out here with his corpse. And I want Alex to stay with Parker.

(CONTINUED)

EXLEY

She's going to flip and say that she shouldn't be sidelined because she's a woman.

JACK

That's not it. I'm in no state to comfort anyone. That leaves Tom, and he's an asshole.

EXLEY

(with a grim grin)

Yeah, and I don't want him standing watch either.

INT. INNER OFFICE

Thin rays of light splay across Parker's face, waking her from a troubled, but deep sleep. For the seventh time in as many days, she awakens hoping that the nightmare her life has become is just that: a nightmare to be woken up from. But as she rises up to her haunches and stares around the room, she realizes that once again, her hopes are unfulfilled.

Jack enters the office and takes a knee beside her.

JACK

How're you holding up?

PARKER

I'm alive. That's all I can really say for now.

Jack gives her his best smile - admittedly, a very weak one - and squeezes her shoulder in reassurance. He stands.

JACK

(quietly, but still forceful)

Everyone up. Come on. We're moving out.

One by one, the others awaken. Exley immediately clutches at his pistol, and only lowers it after surveying the room. Tom is the last to stand, and he does so with a grand, loud yawn that causes Jack to clap a gloved hand over his mouth.

Tom startles, and when Jack removes his hand, he assumes an indignant posture.

(CONTINUED)

TOM
(loudly, compared to the
others)
Get your hands off-

EXLEY
Shut up.

JACK
(looking at each of them)
The swarm's dissipated a bit.
There's still some out there, but
as far as I can tell, the majority
have wandered off in search of
other prey.

TOM
You make them sound like some kind
of perfect predator, instead of the
brain-dead automatons they are.

JACK
In a lot of ways, they are. Zombies
don't get tired. They don't slow
down. They have only one weak
point. They hunt in overwhelmingly
large packs.

TOM
They don't hunt. They eat whatever
they can see. And they're hardly
pack animals. They just swarm.

ALEX
So do the Zerg. Doesn't make them
less deadly.

No one really gets the reference, but Jack continues anyway.

JACK
It's irrelevant. Anyway, we're
going to make a break for the
parking garage. Randy's car is
there, fully gassed, and ready to
go.

TOM
How do you know that?

JACK
He was planning on getting the hell
out of Dodge as soon as he broke me
out. We got sidetracked.

(CONTINUED)

He passes Tom Randy's pistol, butt first.

JACK
Do you know how to use one of
these?

TOM
(indignantly)
I've played my share of shooters. I
think I can figure it out.

Tom cocks the slide with embarrassing, over-the-top bravado.

TOM
Rock and roll, bitches.

Exley rolls his eyes and Jack frowns, but they exit the office, and as they do so, Exley leans over and murmurs to Jack.

EXLEY
Christ, he may as well be a fucking
Big Mac.

INT. OUTER OFFICE

Tom, Alex, and Parker stand facing the door, weapons trained on it, while Exley and Jack prepare to move the filing cabinet.

JACK
Three.

EXLEY
Two.

JACK AND EXLEY
(in unison)
One.

With a screech, they push the cabinet aside and begin to open the door. Drawn by the noise, an undead corpse flies through the doorway, causing Tom to shout and start firing wildly, sending Jack and Exley diving for cover.

Parker drops the zombie and the group enters the hallway, finding numerous zombies, though they are fewer than before. They run down the corridor, slaying zombies as they go.

As they reach the front lobby, they realize Tom is no longer with them.

INT. INNER OFFICE

Tom sits, curled into a fetal position underneath a desk, sweating and murmuring feverishly. Alternating between swearing and prayer, his eyes are wide and he holds his pistol in a white-knuckled grip.

With a creak, the door to the office opens, and he breathes a sigh of relief.

TOM

Jack? Is that you?

The footsteps are too many, and too irregular though, and the color drains from Tom's face as he realizes what's in the room with him.

TOM

Oh God!

He is cut off as several strong sets of hands whisk him out from under the desk.

INT. VESTIBULE

The survivors stand with their backs to the heavy front doors, facing the corridor, firing at approaching zombies.

ALEX

(shouting over the din)

We've lost Tom!

EXLEY

(cocking his shotgun and firing)

Good riddance!

JACK

We can't leave him. We need to go-

He is cut off by several distant pistol rounds and a blood-curdling scream.

JACK

Never mind. Let's move.

EXT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING STEPS

The last four survivors step out into a wasteland. Zombies are clustered here and there in small and large groups, milling about lazily. The air is thick and acrid with smoke, and despite the morning sun, clouds of ash cast a dull pall over the entire scene. The parking structure rises in the distance, and the two hundred yards or so seems like miles amidst the army of dead inhabiting the campus.

PARKER
(awefully)
God. Seven days.

EXLEY
(echoing softly)
Seven fucking days.

The doors slam shut behind them, and one by one, zombies begin to look up. Teeth are bared, and the moans start, quietly at first, but louder and louder as more ghouls join in: harsh and disquieting, the noise is not unlike nails on a chalkboard in its ability to disturb the human soul and body.

JACK
Move. Now.

At his command, they take off into the maelstrom and the sounds of their weapons join the horrible symphony: the dull bass roars of the shotguns, the pistols' tinny snare-like pops, and the fine hum Alex's sword produces - ultimately become indistinguishable amidst the melee.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE

Finally, moments, minutes, or hours later - for the survivors, time has become warped by the sheer intensity of the battle - they break free of the horde, racing unopposed to the garage, chased by hundreds, possibly thousands of zombies. At the arching entryway to the stairwell, Jack tosses Exley his pack and Randy's keys.

JACK
It's a blue Cherokee, top floor,
left side. Go, and I'll hold them
here.

PARKER
What? No. You're coming with us.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
Of course I am. But someone needs
to hold them here, or they'll end
up blocking the way out.

EXLEY
(nodding)
On the way down, we'll swing by and
pick him up.

The look Exley and Jack exchange makes it clear that both of them know Jack won't be picked up. Parker and Alex probably start to realize it too, but Exley galvanizes them into action, almost forcibly shoving them up the stairs.

EXLEY
Go!

Before he heads up, he takes one last second to look at Jack.

EXLEY
Thanks. For everything.

Then he is gone, leaving Jack alone to face the vicious horde.

EXT. TOP OF GARAGE

Alex, Parker, and Exley reach the top of the garage, wheezing slightly from exertion. There are no zombies, save one poor bastard, reanimated in his car and trapped by his own seatbelt.

The trio quickly finds Randy's car and enters it. Guns begin to sound beneath them, echoing throughout the structure. The vehicle starts without trouble, and as they peel away, the two-way on Exley's shoulder crackles. Jack's voice is hardly perceptible over the gunshots and moans.

JACK
(fatigued)
It was murder.

Jack is interrupted by a grunt and gunshot sounds in reply.

JACK
I was locked up for murdering my
girlfriend. She was one of the
first-

Another gunshot sounds.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
-one of them.

PARKER
Jack!

She turns to Exley, pleading.

PARKER
Hurry! We've got to stop for him!

Exley's only response is to grit his teeth and grimace. He tightens his grip on the steering wheel as the car flies around the final corner and out of the garage.

PARKER
(practically sobbing and shouting)
What are you doing! Go back!

ALEX
(slowly and sadly)
He was never going back. They both knew it.

EXLEY
It was the only way he could be sure we could make it out.

Parker stares out the window of the car as it speeds away from the garage, to where the horde has finally surrounded Jack.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE

Jack watches the car exit the garage, and fires two last shots with his pistol before tossing it aside. He swings the shotgun's butt into a zombie's face, and the skull and blood splinter away from it. A grasping hand clutches the gun, then another, and Jack lets it go, drawing a large Ka-Bar knife. As the swarm overcomes the furiously swiping and stabbing figure, he sees, through small cracks in the throng, the car fading into the distance.

He smiles, resigned to his fate, and launches one final strike, directly at the camera.